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war it would be ready to resist assault. And that is why even the cripples and the prematurely decrepit of this seeming dance of death will yet be a reassuring as well as a rousing element, even in a happier dance of life. It will truly be a dance led by the halt and the lame, as in some old fantasy of miraculous healing. It will be long before the last of the human ruins this war has made gives place to a happier generation. But even in an earthly paradise they would never be disfigurements;

rather they will be decorations, more real than any decorations that they wear. And they will be something more, which the world will do well to understand. They will be a threat and a defiance. They will remind any who plot a reaction towards shame and bondage, of what men have borne and would bear again to avert them. They who can no longer be soldiers shall still be sentinels; or rather they shall be heralds, telling with a trumpet the terms on which we hold the peace.—*Reveille.*

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

[*The headless statue, standing on a prow, now in the Louvre*]

By H. M.

Queen of the Louvre, uplifted on that prow
The symbol of thy native Samothrace,
France is thy second home, thy mother now,
And did not see thy face.

Yet showed the kinship clear. Those wings are wide,
To meet the wind, above the prow, outspread.
So France went forward on the battle-tide,
Nor stayed to count her dead.

True daughter, image true! The head is gone,
Yet through the marble breathes a living soul.
So France by hurt is quickened, and a non
Her faith shall make her whole.

Daughter of France, go forward on that prow,
The symbol of our world-wide island race,
Lille, safe beneath those wings, is dreaming now
And sees the long-lost face.

—*Saturday Review.*